

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Query.

When comp'ny comes to visit us
We allus makes a lot o' fuss,
An' use our bestes' china set
An' solid-silver forks, you bet!
An' nothing is too nice to bake—
Not custard pie ner angel-cake!
It's jest becuz they're 'round! But
say,
Why ain't we jes' as good as they?

Ma she puts on her rustly dress,
An' pa shaves twict a day, I guess,
An' shines his shoes, an' I mus' wear
My Sunday red tie everywhere!
We're all polite as we can be,
An' no one's cross er putcheky.
It's diffrent when they've gone
away—

I don't see why the comp'ny is
So better'n we ourselves—gee whizz!
Er why we have to go an' treat
Them with a lot o' stuff to eat
That we don't have when they ain't
here!

What makes us save it up—oh, dear!
Why don't we allus live that way?
Ain't we worth things as much as
they?

—Edwin L. Sabin, in the November
Woman's Home Companion.

A New Version of An Old Story.

One time Brer Wolf tell Brer Rabbit he gwine dig a well, and he say, "Brer Rabbit, you tu'n in an' he'p me dig dis yere well, and den we share de water together."

But Brer Rabbit say, "No, I doan' want to dig no well."

"What yo' do fo' water den?" Brer Wolf ask.

"I get up in de mawnin' an' drink de jew off de grass," Brer Rabbit say.

So Brer Wolf dig his well, an' Brer Rabbit dring de jew off de grass until dar come a time when dar w'n't no jew. It was a ve'y dry spell an' de rain didn't fall, an' kep' on not falling till mighty nigh all de springs an' branches an' cricks was plumb dried up, an' de creeters couldn't hardly find water enough to keep from perishin'.

Brer Wolf mo' lucky dan mos'. De water in his well get ve'y low, but it ain't never quite dry up. Den Brer Rabbit got to slippin' aroun' to Brer Wolf's ev'y night and Brer Wolf find his water gone and gone—ev'y mawnin' it all drawn out. But he see Brer Rabbit's tracks aroun' his well, an' he study to fix a plan for to ketch him. So he think he make him up a li'l' tar man, and he take some rags an' twis' an' tie 'em up into de likeness of a li'l' man, an' daub de whole over wid some o' dis yere pine tar, which is de stickinest stuff on de face of de yearth. He made de li'l' tar man, Brer Wolf did, an' den he set it up by de well an' hung de go'd on it.

That night, jus' fo' day, Brer Rabbit come aroun' same as usual, an' he see the li'l' man an' he stop an' say, "Good mawnin', Mr. Man."

But de li'l' tar man doan' say nothin', an' Brer Rabbit say again, "Good mawnin', Mr. Man."

But de li'l' tar man doan' speak, an' Brer Rabbit, he say, "Give me the go'd, please, sir."

De li'l' tar man jus' stan' thar an' keep his mouth shet, an' Brer Rab-

bit shout, "I say, give me the go'd or I'll hit yo' tireckly."

De li'l' tar man doan' 'spond, an' Brer Rabbit hauled away an' struck him side o' his haid, an' Brer Rabbit's fist stuck.

"Hoe! You think yo' hol' me?" Brer Rabbit say. "Yo' take keer! I got another ba-ad hand yere," an' he struck de li'l' tar man wid dat, an' dat stuck.

"What mean holdin' me?" Brer Rabbit cry. "Yo' tu'n me loose or I hit yo' wid dis foot."

Den he lose de use o' one o' his feet. "Lord! what mean actin' dis-way?" he holler. "You done got to do different or I hit yo' wid my other foot. Yo' better let go. I kill several men wid dat foot."

Blip! he hit, an' de foot stuck same like de other. "Hey! yo' think yo' hol' me? I got a tail. If I hit yo' wid dat 'ar tail I cut you clean in two."

De li'l' tar man helt fast an' doan' say nothin', and Brer Rabbit get his tail stuck. "Lord! Lord!" he say, "you de wors' man what ever I see. Now tu'n me loose or I butt yo' wid my haid," an' he butted an' got his haid stuck, an' he make de mos' awful racket a-bitin', knockin', an' kickin', till Brer Wolf come out in de mawnin' an' found him dar.

"Oh! yere de man what steal my water," Brer Wolf say. "I teach yo' a lesson now. I gwine eat yo' up, Brer Rabbit; but first I gwine give yo' de greates' whippin' yo' ever had in all yo' days."

So Brer Wolf tie Brer Rabbit to a big tree an' go off in de woods for to cut some switches to beat him with. He hadn't been gone mo' dan two minutes when Brer B'ar come along de road. He see Brer Rabbit tie to de tree an' he sav, "What de matter, Brer Rabbit? What yo' doin' thar?"

"I'm a-waitin' for somepin to eat," Brer Rabbit say.

"What yo' gwine eat?" Brer B'ar ask.

"De folks what tie me hyar say

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they gwine make me eat a whole pig, two hams, an' ten loaves of bread," says Brer Rabbit.

Brer B'ar was hungry an' he say, "Dat about suit me, Brer Rabbit, but yo' too small for so much."

"Dat de trouble," says Brer Rabbit, "an' if yo' wan' to do de eatin' you can take my place, Brer B'ar," says he.

Brer B'ar reply he willin', an' he untie Brer Rabbit, an' den Brer Rabbit tie Brer B'ar to de tree an' went off home. Co'se Brer B'ar get de lickin'; but Brer Rabbit ain' care. He always playin' de ole scratch wid de other creatures, an' he de smartes' of de whole lot. Brer Wolf he de mos' prosperous, an' Brer Rabbit always sneakin' aroun' an' stealin' from him an' trickin' him. Time an' again he get right into Brer Wolf's kitchen when Brer Wolf step to de gyarden or de spring-house, an' he scoop de peas out'n de pot whar dey cookin' over de fire an' eat 'em an' den fill de pot up wid rocks. Brer Wolf he forever sayin' he fix him, but he cain't never fix Brer Rabbit 'case Brer Rabbit too smart a man fo' him. —Clifton Johnson, in the New York Outlook.

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